

Good 420 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Roll up all you Artists, Writers, Songsters, Poets. . HERE'S YOUR LUCKY CHANCE

SUB./LIEUT. ALAN ROSS, R.N.V.R., tells us he's getting together a book by serving members of the Navy, Merchant Service and W.R.N.S. . . and do we think there are budding poets, embryo authors and songsters—who-are-still-silent in the Submarine Service?

Do we think? . . . we know there are!

And if submariners have so far not burst into prose, poetry and print generally it's because there hasn't been the opportunity, print being scarce these days.

But here's Opportunity knocking right on the door-panels of one and all.

So we told Lieut. Ross that the Submarine Service was jam full of genius. And after that build-up, all you artists and writers will just have to start with brush, pencil, canvas and paper.

What's wanted? Here's the list:

Poetry, whether blank or not;
Realistic writing on your own reactions to the war;
Essays and war "reportage";
Drawings and paintings; and—your own ideas.

It promises to be a good book; here's your lucky chance to get your own work and your name before the public.

And if you're still shy or not quite sure—well, take a look-see at the following poem, which is one that will be printed. S'easy! And if you like rhyme—well, rhyme's O.K. too.

SEA PICTURE.

SKY like a dogrose draws blood,
The tide tilts my green love
Through clouds of sea foamed through.
The white gull fastens on the skyline.

FOAM-FLECKED the wash curves,
Adjusts love to drawn roses of precise decision,
Recession of moons draws tides through
The sea's back, the scalloped hair of mermaids.

SHELLS bear retentive music through husks
Of night: My love's hair floats green, like
Some Ophelia seen and drawn dying
In shining shafts of strewn love flowered.

TIME drowns in the sea's bells, lying
Deep in smooth voices reaching at ships,
Turned at gulls unfinished as the dawn
Dove, resurgent as the whole blood sky of love.

Brother Bill lent a hand P.O. John Dewhurst

The room was in upheaval. Chairs on the table, photographs in a heap and dust sheets were everywhere. Someone was doing a spot of cleaning at 62, Lytham Road, Preston.

A little lady, duster in one hand and broom in another, was busily scouring out the corners, on all fours. She was making a proper job of it.

A soldier, half in uniform and the rest of him covered by a generous apron, was bobbing about willing to help but, unfortunately, not very experienced.

The lady, Mrs. Mary Dewhurst, and her 19-year-old son, Pte. Bill Dewhurst, were soon joined by a tousle-headed, bright-eyed little boy, ten-year-old Bernard, just home from school. He was hungry and didn't mind admitting it, in fact, he took the greatest of pleasure in announcing it.

But we wanted a photo-



graph, and after a small amount of coaxing, persuaded mother to have her's taken with Bill and Bernard. The picture didn't console Bernard's tummy though, and Mrs. Dewhurst disappeared kitchenwards while we made our good-bye.

But, there is just one more person that we would like to

WHAT EXACTLY IS A MERCHANT SEAMAN?

HE has earned the entire world's admiration for coolness and stark courage. Twenty-four thousand of him—non-combatants all—have died to help Britain live. When the full tale of his deeds is published, the at present admiring world will stand in awe; for thousands and tens of thousands of individual deeds of unsurpassed heroism have been performed by him collectively, without fuss and without advertisement.

The British merchant seaman is a paradox—his work carries him constantly into the front line of savage action, but he boasts of his strictly civilian status. He is never allowed to attack his enemies; he can only defend himself when in extremity.

Having known the breed most intimately for the best part of half a century, I am still astonished at it.

Actually, the merchant seaman, whether captain, officer or man, is a very ordinary person, and would be the first to decry any special qualifications.

Judged by the old sailing ship standards, he isn't even a seaman; he wears a wrist-watch in preference to a sheath-knife, and he knows far more about a paint-brush than about a marline-spike. Steamboating, under normal conditions, is not an arduous life—and few circumstances arise to call forth human fortitude and adaptability. Yet when the rigors of war close down, he shows himself as full of resourcefulness and sheer cold pluck as the average V.C. hero.

I met a man who was a first mate of a munitions ship when she was ferociously attacked by enemy dive-bombers, and set on fire in a dozen different places. When a ship is laden with H.E. she is apt to erupt and disintegrate without a split-second's warning.

This ship's captain was killed, the mate took immediate, competent charge. He directed the lowering of the boats. Shells of the cargo were bursting wholesale. He went below into a blazing inferno, and dragged out at least six seriously hurt and scalded men, trapped below the waterline. He tore away a steel door that jammed in a mess-room boy; and got him into a boat. He satisfied himself the whole crew were safe, and then slithered down into the sea—having ordered

the boats to push off, in case of a shattering explosion.

When hauled into a boat after a considerable swim, he heard a man was missing. He went back—the shells still bursting like fire-crackers—and after a long search, found his salvage.

It was necessary to tie a soaked towel around mouth and nostrils in order to breathe. His clothes were scorched off his back; he continued naked, and blistered in every inch of himself.

The ship blew up as he swam away, he was hit by debris; and when I said: "You showed guts!" he replied, "Rubbish—any man would have done the same." It wasn't mock modesty, it was just an inability to appreciate that he had done anything extraordinary. But Authority gave him a George Cross for his spell of duty.

I met a ship's engineer, who, on the Murmansk run—the bleakest of all—maintained unbroken watch down in the shaft-tunnel of his ship, with bombs near-missing every few moments; with torpedoes threatening, as well as shells from enemy surface-raiders, for a matter of six days and unrelieved nights, keeping the vital shaft oiled, because the

Capt. Frank H. Shaw answers the question

"keeps" in which the lubricant is usually stored had carried away.

A shaft-tunnel is a narrow alleyway just over the ship's keel; and that part of a hull is a favourite target for U-boat commanders. If a man be trapped down there he has not one chance in a million of escaping alive; and even a two-hour spell with the whirling shaft dominating the narrow thoroughfare is enough to breed the vilest claustrophobia.

The din of the busy propeller is incessant; water trickled in through the stern-gland, oil is flung everywhere. No knowledge of what is happening on deck can be transmitted. Edgar Allan Poe never imagined a more terrifying torture-chamber. But my engineering friend only said: "The ship had to be kept going!"

The merchant seaman's conception of duty is wide and catholic. But he claims no credit for performing serial miracles. When a bit of public acclamation comes his way, he is apt to be confused and bashful. "Ach, why make a fuss!" is his attitude. He doesn't swagger along the thoroughfares, drawing the public limelight on himself.

If you see him in bulk, at, say, a Merchant Navy Club, he is indistinguishable from any somewhat insignificant man in the street. No uniform; no plethora of decorative ribbons; just a suit of somewhat shabby reach-me-downs, his boots whitened by salt water; not even a "cheese-cutter" cap to betray his calling.

It must be a combination of salt-water and British inheritance that makes him what he is. Perhaps the fact that his forbears have licked the sea for a thousand years helps. But those forbears were toughened by the bitter circumstances of their lives into something superhuman; the victims of the elements—wind and water—they had acquired qualities not possessed by the average shore-goer; theirs was a perpetual fight against a cruel, unsporting enemy.

To-day's merchantman finds machinery his useful servant. He has not been trained to fight



his way aloft in a screaming typhoon to battle with iron-hard canvas; he has seldom been asked to fight tooth and nail for the life of his ship and his own continued existence. He is seldom required to effect improvisations—in peace-time.

The worst gale ever brewed need not confound a full-powered steamer; and even if fire breaks out, she is well equipped to fight that peril. Navigation is as fine as a hair; there are no heart-breaking "dead-beats to windward" to toughen the human fibre.

When an old-time windjammer found a gale too heavy, she endured frightful difficulties in heaving-to; often she foundered or lost her mast in the process. She carried inadequate boats. Her men were foully fed, and treated like galley-slaves.

But a steamer's crew pursued an orderly routine, and seldom knew what an "all-hands" call meant; exercise was limited; in heaving-to, if the elements waxed too boisterous—which was seldom—the ship's bow was simply pointed into the wind, the engines slowed a little, and, if the seas grew too menacing, a little oil was trickled overside to calm them into ease.

The ordinary routine was pursued, with a few trifling discomforts, perhaps; few, if any, hot meals were missed. Wet clothes were dried on steam-pipes; a trick at the wheel simply meant a couple of hours in a warmed wheelhouse, jiggling a mechanically-aided helm, which demanded only the exertion of two fingers to keep the bow steadily on the appointed course.

I have seen four strong men fail to keep a windjammer's bow true to the compass. I have seen such a quartet stripped to the waist and sweating hard, though solid ice formed on the decks, in their endeavours to steer an approximately true course; the modern seaman knows nothing of such rigors.

And yet, the far fiercer rigors of the war-time sea he faces and overcomes without the slightest trace of fuss! There are no air-raid shelters in a modern steamer—and if she is hit she sinks or blazes like a beacon.

There is no safety in any inch of her. Ill-equipped to survive as she is, she goes through a hell of menace, the target of the enemy's viciousness. A merchant seaman, whose ship is in convoy, knows quite well that attackers will single his vessel for destruction in preference to an escorting warship.

Knowing this, seeing other ships founder wholesale to the bidding of the thunderous torpedo, picking up boats containing survivors—and dead men—who have endured thirst, exposure, immersion, loneliness for eighty or ninety days at a stretch; feeling his ship's hull pierced by hundreds of splinters from enemy bombs, he signs on for voyage after voyage without even a moment's hesitation, without threat of strikes or mutiny; and carries on the vital work of feeding and supplying, not only British, but warring armies the world over.

Why should this be so? He

hasn't any debt of gratitude to repay to a benevolent country; that country deserted him in his hour of bitterest need and left him to rot, workless, ashore.

Yet, at the call, he forgot his ignominies and the neglect forced on him, stepped forward to a man, and, without bravado, took his place and went out to sea—a sea full of perils and horrors—without flinching.

The plain fact is the British seaman is unique. No other country owns his like; and this fact is one of the best augurs we have for our continued prosperity after the war.

The same skill, assurance and indomitable devotion to what he construes as his duty in war, will force him to fight tooth and nail against all competition—friendly or hostile. Even if civilisation fails to give him the square deal his services deserve, he will simply shrug his shoulders and go where he is sent and do as he is told. He will growl, but he will go.

You cannot analyse him with any degree of accuracy. He is a living embodiment of the spirit that "still holds on, when there is nothing in you, beyond the will that says to you: 'Hold on!'"

It cannot be exactly heredity, either. Some of the most sensational feats of this sensational war have been performed by men with no family sea-records.

You find boys—children, almost—taken from industrial towns where no breath of sea-air has ever penetrated, commanding castaway boats, and—after agonising vicissitudes—bringing them and a grateful crew to safe haven, after months of endurance and intelligent appreciation of a seemingly impossible task.

I asked such a boy, after he was convalescent, what made him do it. "I don't know—I felt I just had to," was his reply. "You seem to be expected to do it, so you do it."

Yes, the salt sea forms and tempers the British seaman. It makes heroes out of the most unlikely material. There are alien sailors who scuttle their ships and panic at the first onset of risk or danger.

British sailors don't do that—the more dire the hazard the greater their fortitude. Like most others of their remarkable race, they do not know when they are beaten; there's a reserve of "essential guts" in their make-up that refuses to accept defeat so long as life remains flickering in their greenheart and whalebone bodies.

I defy any man to analyse this quality; it is simply there, a matter of wonderment to all Creation.

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

To-day's Brains Trust

THE Brains Trust to-day consists of a Psychologist, a Philosopher, a Schoolmaster, and a Judge, and the question they discuss is:—

According to psychologists the criminal mind is in some way deranged. When our bodies are deranged we receive medical treatment. Why do we persist in punishing criminals instead of giving them psychological treatment?

Psychologist: "But psychologists do not say that the criminal mind is in some way deranged. What they do say is that some types of criminal, such as kleptomaniacs, have abnormal minds. These types, when they are recognised, can and do receive psychological treatment. This may be done in a prison or asylum, but obviously the patient must be

confined while he is still liable to commit a crime."

Judge: "The whole purpose of punishment is to deter people from committing crimes. There are many thousands of people in this country—perhaps the majority of people—who would indulge in all sorts of petty crimes if they did not fear getting caught and being sent to prison."

Philosopher: "The philosophy of punishment is based on the notion that men's actions are controlled chiefly by fear."

"But this is not true. If it were, the more severe the penalties the less crime there ought to be, whereas sheep-stealing was much more common in England when the punishment for it was death than it is to-day."

"In America, too, where punishments are more severe than they are here for certain crimes, the crime rate is much higher than in England."

Judge: "Punishments are not to be chosen with reference to the degree of fear they inspire, but according to justice. To impose the death penalty for sheep-stealing is plainly unjust, and therefore would not have the desired effect. The criminal must not feel that he is being victimised, but he should feel that he is being justly punished."

Schoolmaster: "Reasonable punishments are certainly very effective, if not indispensable,

in controlling boys. As far as psychological treatment goes, I think all first offenders should be interviewed from this angle. It quite often happens that a boy only needs a little talking to for him to grasp the stupidity of both breaking rules and committing moral crimes. In this sense, I suppose all beginners in crime are amenable to psychological treatment, but actually deranged minds are obviously cases for the specialist."

Psychologist: "The question is really about deranged minds, and it is safe to say that great progress is being made in the treatment of such cases."

"It will not, I hope, be very long before every criminal entering our prisons will be examined for his fitness to receive such treatment before he serves his sentence."

"The chief obstacle at the moment is a lack of unanimity among psychologists as to diagnosis and methods of treatment, but doubtless this will be overcome as the result of further research."

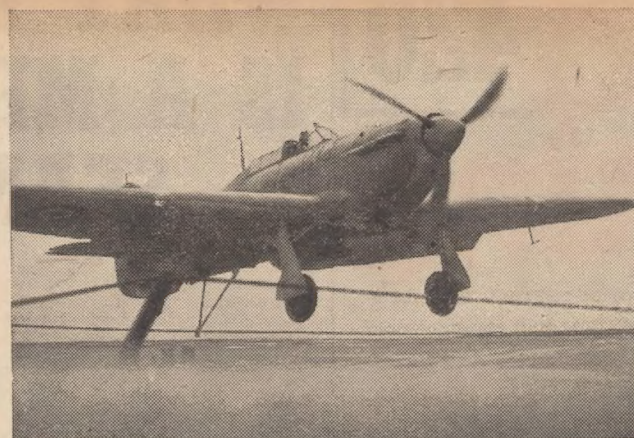
QUIZ for today

1. Kamptulicon is an Indian chief, chewing gum, Mexican snake, floor covering, Dutch drink?
2. Who wrote (a) The Poison Belt, (b) Strong Poison?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Dorset, Dorado, Carp, Casco, Garfish, Char, Goby.
4. In what game is the word "homer" used?
5. Who made the first double crossing of the Channel by aeroplane, and when?
6. In what country is a coin called the Pengo used?
7. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Spitz, Spontoon, Spoor, Spore, Sposh, Sprent, Sprey, Spright.
8. What is the correct name for the sect known as "Quakers"?
9. What comet is depicted on the Bayeux tapestry?
10. Which of our coins show (a) a bird, (b) a tuft of thistle, on one side?
11. In whose reign was the Doomsday Book compiled?
12. Name three film stars beginning with W.

Answers to Quiz in No. 419

1. Right to pasture swine.
2. (a) Temple Thurston, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Ocassion is wrongly spelt; others are correct.
4. Vulcan.
5. Venezuela.
6. "The Silver Jubilee," started September, 1935.
7. Orse.
8. Haile Selassie.
9. Babylon.
10. Edward I.
11. Moses.
12. Sonnie Hale, Katherine Hepburn, Jack Holt, Oliver Hardy.

JANE



"They're Pretty Busy"

By
Peter Vincent

SEAFIRES were buzzing around the 'drome like hornets when we arrived. They were everywhere—landing, taking-off, looping, rolling, and just waiting around. One landed a bit too fast and bounced up into the air, but the pilot got it down all right.

In the "cabin" of the Flight Commander (a pre-war racing driver) pilots were being briefed. "You will have to patrol the Fleet in formation 8 or 9, stooping up and down, and reporting all kites," he said.

A Wren came in with a maintenance sheet. The Flight Commander checked it, and continued, "If you can't see the sea, navigate by the sun. Remember, if you are jumped, and not in correct formation, you will be hacked down, and you'll 'buy it.'"

The pilot with whom I was to fly was given his orders. I got my parachute and helmet from the Flight wardroom, and watched the maintenance crews working.

Naval ratings carried out orders at the double. Their overalls were stained with oil and grease. There were some trousered Wrens working on our aircraft. I asked a sub-lieutenant how long this had been going on. He said, "Oh, they've been with us for about two years. When they first came it took two Wrens to do one mechanic's job. Now it works out even. They're first-rate." I asked what they did.

"They're fitters, riggers and armourers, and now they're even wireless mechanics, testers, and clerks," he said. "They do just about everything, and do it damn well."

Our plane was ready. We went off. The attacking force followed. We climbed steeply to about 2,000 feet, and levelled off. Our job was to "stooge" up and down the railway straight at 2,000 feet and wait for the first attacking plane. It came.

The attacker was being instructed by a lieutenant with two Eyeties and one Jerry to his credit. He came in, in a steep bank, to port, then to starboard. At 200 yards his nose "raked" us from stern to stern. Next instant he disappeared under our tail, and we shot up about twenty feet as his slipstream hit us.

He wasn't 300 yards away before the next one arrived. As he did a half-roll we could see the bright yellow underneath, the protruding airscoop, and the cute way in which the wheels folded backwards into the wings. He came in a bit too close, and we banked to give him more room. He passed us, fifteen yards below, in a flash of khaki and yellow. As he shot up on our starboard side, I had a glimpse of the two naval pilots, leaning slightly forward, in their "Mao Wests" and blue battledress. My pilot shouted through the inter-com, "He certainly pressed that one home."

The Flight C.O. came alongside and signalled to us. We were flying too high. We went into a shallow dive and touched 270 on the A.S.I. before we pulled out. The clouds were beneath us. Far above, a squadron of Fortresses was heading out to sea.

The next attack came from above.

My pilot said, "Here he comes." I saw the plane, about 1,500 feet above us, turn upon its back and draw a bead on us as it came down in a roll and a dive. For a second I thought I would have to hand in my pail right there, but that pilot knew what he was doing all right. He went straight down past our side, about forty yards away, but it seemed nearer four to me.

"That was the chief instructor," said the pilot. We did a wide turn to keep above our beat. A Mark V in grey and black came and had a look at us. "There's Dougie," said my pilot, and waved.

Beneath, two khaki Lightning fighters were hedge-hopping and chasing each other.

WANGLING WORDS—359

1. Put an insect in PHER and get a wild beast.
2. In the following first line of a children's song both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Blumyerr og rehe shub het ew droun.
3. Mix MICE, add SALT, and get a climbing flower.
4. Find the two hidden garden flowers in: I have known papa's nap drag on for hours, so if you are waiting put a pipe on, young man.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 358

1. ALternATE.
2. Roll out the barrel, let's have a barrel of fun.
3. VIOLE-T.
4. M-us-tar-d, Sal-t.

His designs were strictly honourable, as the phrase is; that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by way of marriage.

Henry Fielding.

Their new "Chevrolet" type markings were very noticeable.

The next attacker did a "screaming jeepers" in a vertical dive. When he passed us, flat out, we jumped up like a shot rabbit. He looped up on our port side and flew away.

The Flight C.O. came alongside and wagged his wings. The exercise was over. We came in and landed. I got out, a trifle shaky, but a lot wiser about flying. It's not as easy as it looks. My pilot checked results with the C.O., and went off to his Seafire.

They don't waste time.

Around a flight of partly dismantled Seafires, naval air mechanics and Wrens were giving the engines an inspection. An electric pump was giving trouble. One oil-smearing Wren looked up from her engine and signalled for a gasket. A rating got it. The Petty Officer, standing next to me, said, "If it weren't for their faces you couldn't tell the difference between them, could you?"

As I left, I saw the same sight as when I had arrived. Swarms of Trainers and Seafires, their elliptical-wings cutting through the air as they twisted and looped all over the sky.

So it goes on, day and night, a vast factory, working ceaselessly, turning out the world's best pilots for the world's best planes.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

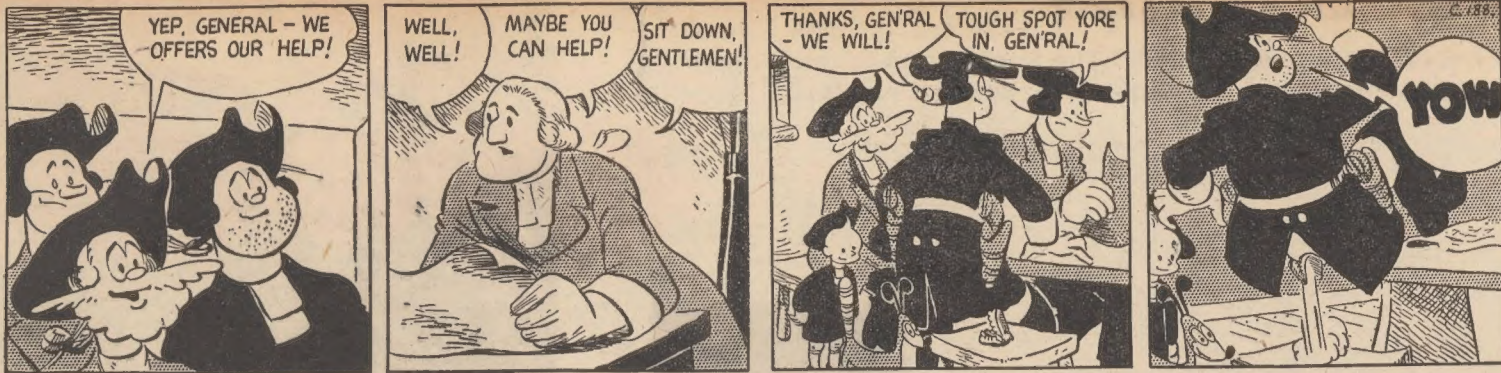
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CLUES DOWN.

1. Perfume.
2. Receive as heir.
3. Weight.
4. Consumed.
5. Stitch.
6. Talon.
7. Finest remedy.
8. Encountered.
9. Girl's name.
10. Whittled.
11. College tutor.
12. Hiker.
13. Sneering.
14. Travelers.
15. Fishing bank.
16. 25 Wages.
17. Chart.
18. 30 Birds.
19. Woman.
20. Renown.
21. Ever.
22. Sheltered side.
23. What.

CAUDAL CROP
OWN WALLOP
PATENT EWES
KIT HAVANT
RELIC BEN O
ON QUEER HA
BUR DEPOT
ORIELS SUN
TINT PETROL
GATHER SUE
HALE DESERT

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



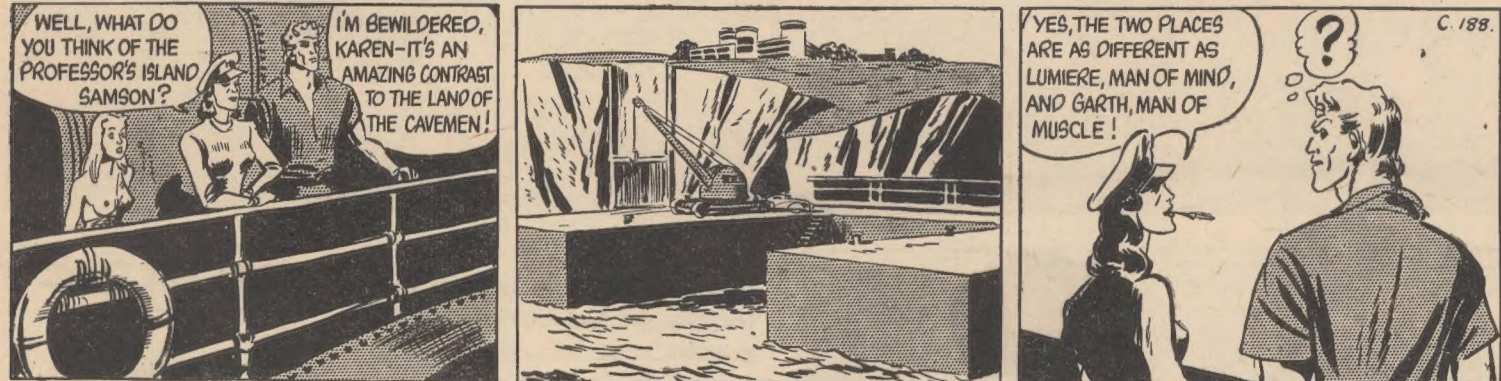
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

HAVE you ever wondered what would have happened if some certain thing had not happened? If, say, out of two jobs offered, you had taken the other one? If you had not, by pure chance, met a certain girl one evening and eventually married her? And, broadening the basis of our queries, what would have happened if William the Conqueror's invasion had been thrown back into the sea? If the Spanish Armada had managed to protect the crossing of the Duke of Parma's troops from the Low Countries, or if Columbus had never discovered America?

The latter supposition opens up all sorts of possibilities. Let us just deal with it hazily as the ideas of a world since 1492 without America flash across our minds.

We should have had neither jazz nor swing nor Hollywood; and consequently we should have still enjoyed real music and our children would, we hope, have been talking English to-day.

The Irish would not have had any potatoes, with the result that there would have been, in all probability, no Irish problem, for they would, most likely, have all starved.

All of us would have had much more money left in our wage packets at the end of the week, as we should not have wasted so much of our substance on tobacco, seeing that there would have been none on this side of the Atlantic.

Equally important, there might have been a drop of whisky left for us, since we should not have been under the evil necessity of securing American dollars.

It is possible that there might have been less crime, as the inspiration of Al Capone and Mr. Dillinger would have been lacking. As there would have been no corn on the cob we might have been spared much embarrassment in trying to eat it with a knife and fork.

Literature would have been poorer with no Wild West stories, no cowboys, and fewer free libraries, since Mr. Carnegie would have probably been confined to Scotland and would not have amassed the vast fortune, some of which was spent in giving us the buildings which bear his name.

It was the United States that first opened up Japan to Western civilisation, with what disastrous results we are only too familiar.

Chewing-gum would have been unknown, as would apple pie à la mode, Irish-Americans, or Mayor Jimmy Walker, to say nothing of American world heavy-weight champions, Bing Crosby, Mary Pickford, or Charlie Chaplin.

Nobody knows or cares where John Brown's body would have been, nor Buffalo Bill, nor, with respect, Lady Astor. The Panama Canal could not have been built in a place the existence of which we were unaware, and we should have been spared the intricacies of the Monroe Doctrine and of Prohibition.

Steamships would not have reached their present state of development, there would have been no skyscrapers; and the American negro would still have been the African negro, whilst the Sioux, Mohawks, Shawnees and all the rest of the noble red men would have been ranging the dense forests and the vast plains of an unspoiled continent.

The surplus peoples of Europe, in their millions, would have had to emigrate elsewhere, failing which they would probably have starved at home, for tinned salmon and spam would have been unknown delicacies.

The Declaration of Independence, the "Saturday Evening Post," the Hearst Press, would have been unborn, and there would have been no lightning-conductors, nigger minstrels, or Selfridges.

We should have missed cheap motor-cars, Hiawatha, and Raymond Gram Swing; also Rotarians, doughnuts without holes in them, cereal foods, Abraham Lincoln and Colonel Lindberg.

The absence of the English-Speaking Union might have been compensated for by the lack of Christian Scientists and Mormons.

Whether or not we ought to be annoyed with Columbus I leave to you.

IF WE HAD—!

This "What would have happened if —" affords the basis of a not unamusing game. You can play it yourselves. "What would have happened if we had taken Nobby's advice and gone to the Bull instead of the Bear?"—"if we had been adopted by Muddytown instead of Seaville"—"if we had gone out East instead of to the Mediterranean"—and so on and so forth. Very personal or general queries can be made; the very personal ones will probably bring forth a spate of reminiscences, while those on general subjects will provide subjects for many an argument.

**Good
Morning**

Bonnie Scotland

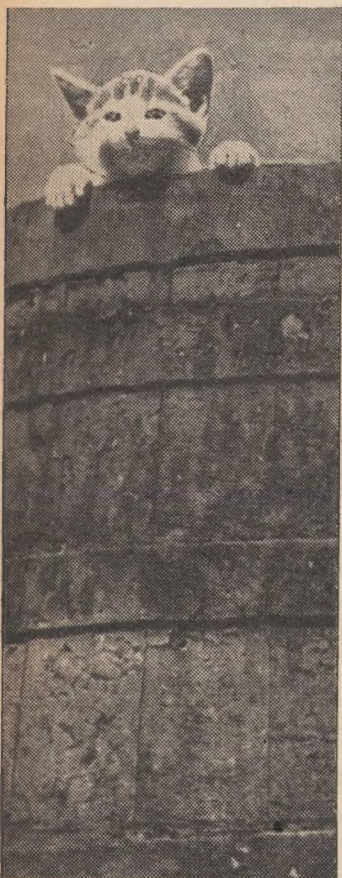
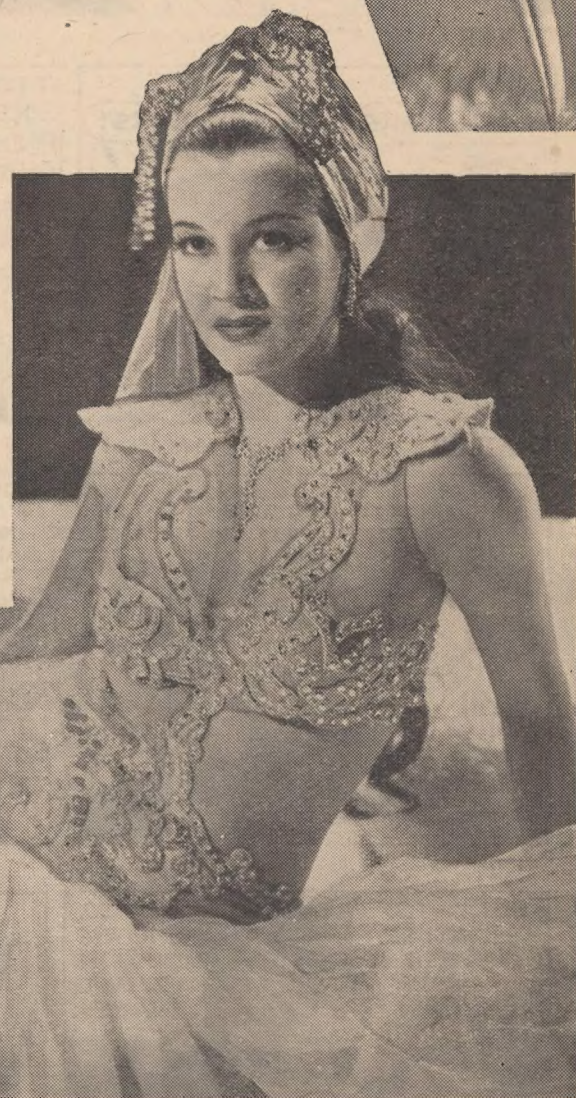
The little town of Culross, showing the Market Cross erected in 1588. On the right the 17th-Century house called "The Study," and between them the quaint tower of the Toll-booth, dating from 1626.



★ Paramount star Lillian Cornell, in the film, "You're the One." The boys consider Lillian is the one, and they should know, anyway. ★



Sorry we have only showed part of the Ibis. Had we shown the rest, the bird would have had the page to itself.



"Lucky for me this barrel isn't empty. Good thing I can tread water, too!"



If he thinks he's having fish for tea, he has obviously forgotten that the dog has a brainwave, too.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"You dirty dog."

